

Janus: The Persona

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A “to do” list in no particular order.

- ❖ **Identity;** Has to be revamped to fit God-Machine Chronicle rules, i.e. Breaking Points.
- ❖ **Conditions;** Eventually, we need to craft a list of Conditions unique to Janus.
- ❖ **Chapter 1;** We need an introductory chapter. It should explain the premise, the setting, who is and is not an antagonist, basically the whos and whats of Janus. We have AN introduction, but it’s more story than description. Does not need to be done all at once.
- ❖ **Dreamscape;** This is less of an immediate priority and more of an eventuality. We have basic mechanics for moving about the Dreamscape and for wresting control of a dream from its dreamer, but that’s it. Again, low priority.
- ❖ **Merits;** These will come as we finish out other concepts.
- ❖ **Alchemy (After Agencies);** Our alchemical system has been in a state of constant flux since its conception. To that end, I think we need a video-chat brainstorm session to finally put to rest.
- ❖ **Antagonists (After/Alongside Chapter 1);** These are pretty vague. Asha are reverse Janusi, Consumed are Janusi that lost control of their Shadow, and Malchiks are like an Agency except they’re jerks. Low priority.

Introduction

We all know our own Shadow. That part of yourself you say “No” to, day in and day out. You might reject it out of shame, or guilt, or fear. You want it to go away, you wish you weren’t like this, but the urges keep coming. You’ve been telling the urges “No, I won’t” for years, but now they’re talking back. And they’re saying “Yes, you will”.

This is ***Janus: The Persona***, a game of self-discovery and revelation. You take the role of a Janus, a normal person like you or me, whose mind has begun to rebel. It may start with things moving in your peripheral vision, or strange dreams of an all black mirror image staring back at you, but now it’s gone farther. Now there’s someone else living in your head.

A Shadow is the collective word for the parts of their mind a person suppresses; but for a Janus, the Shadow is a thinking, feeling person. It has mad urges, everything you’ve never let yourself do, it speaks mystical secrets, nonsensical recipes for strange new abilities, and it is always looking to run free. A Janus must be forever vigilant, not against some other-worldly threat or ancient evil, but against themselves. This divide in a Janus’ mind has led to many calling themselves the Sheared, for their minds are cleaved in two.

But there is hope. Janusi have bonded together in support groups, circles of friends that help each other on each of their personal journeys and through their individual troubles. These Cliques are the smallest, tightest group that Janusi usually gather in. Larger than these are the Agencies, schools of thought built to guide the Sheared on their path of self-discovery; each of these Agencies offers new ways to understand, connect, and communicate with the Shadow. And with each new connection comes new secrets.

Unfortunately, not all whose mind is divided are healthy. There are those who start in darkness, to whom the Cleaving brings light; but it is a burning light that scorches and burns all in its path while believing itself righteous. There are some who choose the dark, reveling in the power of their Shadows and feeding it at every possible turn. And there are those who simply fall away, pushing their Shadows away with such force that they are subsumed into it in the inevitable push-back. These are the Consumed, and it is what every Janus fears becoming, their own mind strained to near-permanent destruction and their Shadow left alone in their body.

Sometimes the Sheared have to retrieve information or manipulate people in non-conventional ways; for these times, Shadows know a way to access the collective unconscious directly. Dreamtripping is the art of moving through the souls around you to see and interact with even the darkest parts of their mind directly. This is usually achieved by brewing a strange Concoction from all manner of edible, or inedible, materials, taking it like a drug, and letting it cast your mind into the Dreamscape. The downside of this ability is that the Shadow of one of the trippers always comes along for the ride to ruin your high.

Though not all of a Shadow’s recipes are meant to induce a supernatural drug trip. Most of the Concoction recipes learned from a Shadow give other mystical abilities. They might make a Janus smarter, let them run longer, allow them to go unnoticed, or even steal another person’s face. And that’s not counting those that need just a little focus and a bit of research.

A Janus’ life is not easy. But it’s the only one they have, and if they can survive long enough to accept every part of themselves, great power awaits at the end of their journey. Enough to protect themselves, their family, their friends, and anyone else they wish. But that’s a big if, and it’s not any easier when talking to yourself is a two-way conversation.

Storytelling

Let's not make a saint out of a sinner. Next time he may not be so helpful.

- Dr. Henry Jekyll

When was the last time you ever felt this good? It's called living, mate. Trust your instincts. No more doubt. No fear. Welcome to your new life.

- Wilfred

In Janus the player finds himself in a strange place, of hidden desires and horrifying self-discovery. Where, for the sake of his loved ones, he must confront the evils of the world with the evils of his heart. Where his actions will truly be greater than his desires.

There was something in the dark, something you could not see. It stalked the edges of your sight for days. At first, you thought yourself slightly mad, the consequence of a poorly digested dinner, a product of too many late nights at work, a simple figment of your imagination. Until it pounced.

You don't remember much of that night, or most of that morning, but you could feel something inside, something changed, something jarred loose, something... no longer in your control. With each passing day it worsened, you were losing your temper easier, and unabashed cravings for power, wealth, respect, came crashing in from the darkest parts of your mind. But the worst was the dreams; flashing kaleidoscope images of pain and control rushing past your eyes, as your darkest fantasies were gleefully performed before you every night until the dawn comes. Until He appeared, with his too long limbs, and his too sharp teeth. Terrifyingly, he greets you with a cheerful voice, your voice, as he says "Ello Gov'na."

Now you find yourself listening to this cheerful voice, as it whispers promises of power and respect, as it tells you forbidden secrets, as you brew some unholy concoction on your kitchen stove. You keep telling yourself this is mad, yet you keep listening, the promises are too good, the advice too sound, and the rush far too addicting. Besides, who are you to deny yourself?

The Janus and his Neighbors

"Look, Rick, I can explain. I have a condition..."

Mortals: For most supernaturals the herd of humanity is either a burden, a resource, breeding stock and often enough all three. For the Veiled that herd is their friends and family. While many Janusi isolate themselves for fear of the harm that their darkness could bring to their loved ones, the greater majority live their lives the same way it was before the manifestation, if a bit weirder and themselves a bit grumpier.

In addition, Agencies are often in the public's disbelieving view; while the Chained Order and the Temple of St. Giles do keep a lower profile, something akin to the Masons and the Shriners, the Brimstone Society and the Moorsen Institute are quite open to the public. The Society runs and holds

interest in many companies, and is viewed as a force in the business world. The Institute is viewed rather as a joke: full of harmless quacks consistently publishing papers on such topics as "The effects of telekinesis on localized space-time" and "Telepathy on lower life forms." It should be worth noting that many employees of these organizations are in fact mortal themselves.

*"I **said** give me your blood! Hey, put the chair down!"*

"Great. As if my life wasn't weird enough, Twilight is freaking real."

Vampires: To sum up the relationship between the Damned and the Veiled in a word: antagonistic. While Janusi rarely consider themselves anything other than human, the Vampires' view is rather different. The Veiled are the stuff of nightmares and bad horror movies: the proverbial wolf in sheep's clothing. More than a few Kindred have rushed down a blind alleyway after a delicate little thing, only to run smack into a seven-foot tall slab of meat wielding a telephone pole as a billy club. It's made even worse is that Vampires have little clue as to what these beings are, and nothing scares an immortal more than the unknown.

For the Janus it's a different story. There are an awfully large amount of freaks with large teeth out there, and who can really tell the difference. Most don't even care; after all, their own lives are complicated enough without adding Universal Monsters to the mix.

"So, does Chuck count as part of the 'Herd' if he can throw a rat host farther than I can?"

"Well, the moon's out. Better get to the Potluck before they run out of ground ghost-bug."

Werewolves: Of all the supernatural, the Janusi enjoy the best and worst relations with the children of Luna. The best in that both Werewolves and the Veiled can appreciate living a dual life, the worst in that no one is sure what to make of the other.

For some werewolves, Janusi are a welcome relief from the stress of their existence, a reminder of the human world, a being that can truly empathize with their condition and that Lunacy is not actually a problem. For the Janus, it's a chance to talk to someone about dealing with strange urges and, well, having the Wolfman as a drinking buddy is pretty cool.

For all this interaction, most of which is off the record, neither knows much about the nature of the other. Are Janusi a type of ridden, a strange sprite that forgot how to take over it's fleshy host? Maybe they're humans that can interact with the Shadow with impunity. Or are they, as some crazy wolves say, the children of Mother Moon, and a mortal hero created to keep watch from within the herd? Are they enemy, prey, or brother?

The Janus are even more confused by werewolves. They appear capable of manifesting a Persona, but it seems more biological than ethereal, and they don't use Tinctures, and why when they manifest do they seem to induce a flight response in all who see it. Even Janusi report an urge to flee when they see it, though most consider it a minor nuisance.

“So you expect me to believe that there are sleepers who can bend forces the way I can? Please, don't insult my intelligence.”

“So magic's real. Huh, go figure.”

Mages: The relationship among the Awakened is cool at best and nonexistent at worst. The reason is simple though, they do not travel in the same circles, mages tend towards being above the mortal world and Janusi just don't go looking for the mysteries of the world. Stories of the two bumping into each other on the astral plane are often considered hogwash.

“So that's what they see? Those dreams... no, they aren't dreams. They're something different entirely.”

“Where were we? Oh yeah, about those huntsmen, about how often do you have to deal with them?”

Changelings: The Sheared and The Lost are more often than not in good company, as Wild Hunts tend to interfere in Janusian politics, and several Agencies have every reason to stop them in their tracks, ranging from the Brimstone Society's hand in the Arcadian goods smuggling trade to the Long Pig Compact's hatred of oppression and evil, the rest simply see no reason to get in their way. Changelings, especially those who develop multiple personalities, have plenty of reasons to relate to The Sheared, but politics all too often play a hand in how pledges are formed, with the most common being for protection and the exchange of goods.

“Well that's odd. How are there two souls in that one?”

“Hey, didn't I see you in the obituaries last year?”

Geists: Janusi and Geists are on good terms most days. In many ways, they are quite similar: Both share their body with a spirit, both enjoy indulging themselves, both access an ethereal realm for business... perhaps their most prominent difference is in their purpose. Geists have a job to do: they deal with the dead. At the end of the day, they have a duty, and a purpose, and a reason for existing. But Janusi? Not much to do except figure themselves out. The two sides see little reason to fight, and often join sides during larger conflicts.

“Ah, another brother joins us. Care to partake in the feast ?”

“Look, I’m not really into the whole causing nightmares thing. But it’s nice to see someone who’s sort of like me... I guess.”

Beasts: The Sheared are more understanding of the Begotten than regular mortals, despite the latter’s tendency to terrorize mortals. To a Janus, a Beast’s Horror is like their Shadow and thus Janusi often offer support to Beasts who wish to keep their Horror in check. On the Begotten’s side, Beasts consider the Seared kin, as they do with other children of the Dark Mother, and are more than willing to help Janusi in need.

“In the name of the light, STAND DOWN! No one else has to die today.”

“You’re wasting your time, kid. Now put the... baton? I’m gonna say baton. Put the baton down before I have to get violent.”

Princesses: The best word to describe the relationship between Princesses and Janusi is Terrible. Both groups hate each other. Shocking, isn’t it? Who would’ve known that beings of virtue and creatures seemingly made of bad decisions and vices would not get along? Funny enough, the two groups sometimes meet without realizing it. Stories of the two groups fighting in the dreamlands are unconfirmed, but highly plausible.

“Welcome to my domain. All I ask is that you don’t interfere with our... little family here.”

“Okay, that’s my cue to leave. No way I’m sticking around for Jonestown Part 2 here.”

Leviathans: Most Janusi are unnerved by the dedication of the followers of the Wicked Tribe, finding them to be much worse and far more dangerous than the creatures themselves. Leviathans, on the other hand, find the general lack of direction in the lives of the Sheared ideal for “hired goon” material, especially for dealing with inter-family politics. Their relationships are often brief, mostly as a result of cash and blood flow, and often end with both sides parting ways, never to speak again. Rarely does the wake overtake a Janus and press them into servitude, though what rare stories there are serve as a motivating factor for avoiding The Wicked Tribe as a whole.

“Your mind was split in two. There is no doubt: YOU HAVE THE INSANITY OF A MANATEE! But this device could possibly fix you up. Or not. It’s all a crap-shoot, really.”

“Hey Doc, tell me more about that ‘death ray’, or whatever you call it.”

Geniuses: Sheared who wish to become Un-Sheared often go to mad scientists, only to come out more broken than before. In fact, something about Mania seems to react badly with the Janusian mind. The

Mania on it's own is fine, but when applied directly to the brain seems to have a catastrophic effect on the unlucky Janus. In game terms, reduce Identity by 1 for every 3 Mania spent on a “cure”. As a result, the worlds of the Janus and the Genius rarely collide. When they do, it's often to aid in research or to buy Wonders.

Glossary

Agency: (Chosen splat) Janusian Philosophical and Political blocks.

Archetype: One of a Temperament's areas of expertise. Also one of two moods a given Janus of that Temperament is prone to tending toward.

Asha: The opposite of a Janus, the Asha are Sheared whose Shadow is primarily made of Virtues. Irrevocably insane.

Clique: (Player Group) A group of like-minded Janusi.

Concoctions: Alchemical food or drink that allows a Janus to manifest some of their Shadow's power through a semi-solid Persona.

Constructs: Strange devices created through the knowledge gained from Shadows.

Consumed: A Janus who has lost themselves to their Shadow.

Dreamscape: A meta-physical "Inner World", where the collective Sea of Dreams, and the individual Isles it connects, reside.

Ego: (Energy) The sheer force of personality, and measure of one's self identity.

Epitome: A sort of Nirvana state to the Janusi. A state where a Shadow perfectly fuses with its Janus, creating a more balanced figure as a result. It's often denounced as a mere legend, however.

Extracts: A type of Concoction that manifests fragments of the Shadow to grant supernatural abilities, can be "quick cast". Sorted by which Aspect they are associated with.

Hyded/Going Hyde: Slang for letting one's Shadow take over.

Identity: (Morality) A measure of one's identity and self-understanding.

Idle: Sub-conscious actions that the Shadow performs, tends to make trouble for the Janus. Use of Tinctures worsens the effect of a Janus' Idle. A Janus with lower Identity has more trouble with Idle.

Isle: A metaphysical Dreamscape representation of a person's mind. It is populated by their fears, traumas, fantasies, and desires.

Janus: A person whose Vice-driven Shadow has come alive.

Persona: The personality that manifests from a Janus' Shadow.

Potency: (Power stat, comparable to Vampire's Blood Potency, Werewolf's Primal Urge, or Mage's Gnosis, etc.). A measure of a Janus's or other Sheared's connection with their Shadow, a connection they draw on for their abilities.

Temperament: (Innate splat) The primary mood with which a Shadow resonates, categorized by bodily humor.

The Sea of Dreams: The Collective Consciousness of humanity in the Dreamscape, surprisingly bright and colorful. Dominated by the collective unconscious, and home to mankind's deepest shared subconscious desires and terrors, along with alien thoughts and populated by Alebrije.

The Sheared: A person whose Shadow has gained sentience. Primarily used for Janusi, sometimes includes Asha.

Tinctures: Concoctions that manifest the Janus' Shadow. Strength is equal to Potency + dots in Tincture.

Shadow: The Repressed part of a person's Psyche. A living being in a Sheared.

Character Creation

Temperament

Every temperament has two paths of growth. Each also has a unique derangement that afflicts their Shadow the most, and can only be removed by rising to a Shadow of 7.

Sanguine: Performers and Egomaniacs.

Derangement: Megalomania

+1 Presence

Lust: Your Shadow craves love, desire and validation. It's not about seeking pleasure or about finding the perfect partner, it's about making other people *need* you in a way that your Shadow never needs them. It's about turning other people into slaves, stalkers, or spurned lovers, anything so long as it keeps their attention focused on you. Your powers can entrance, fascinate and inspire.

Concepts: Femme Fatale, Incubus, James Bond, "Black Widow".

Envy: Your Shadow desires what others have, and has learned to take it. It desires to imitate others, ultimately to replace them altogether, evicting them from their own life and taking it for themselves. Your powers allow you to steal other's possessions and their faces, to deceive, imitate and deprive.

Concepts: Doppelgänger, Double Agent without a Cause, Arsène Lupin.

Phlegmatic: Peacemakers and People pleasers.

Derangement: Obsessive Compulsion

+1 Manipulation

Sloth: Your Shadow represents your repressed desires for pleasure and decadence of every sort. The Shadow endlessly hungers for new experiences and exquisite rarities, as well as regular indulgence in more quotidian addictions such as drink, drugs, or sex. It compulsively avoids direct conflict, and their powers enable them to do so - by using less direct tactics such as slander or poisoning - or to survive it by shrugging off the pain the same way they would shrug off the effects of a night's excess.

Concepts: Dorian Grey, Rumourmonger Extraordinaire, The Lambeth Poisoner.

Obsession: Your Shadow is formed from your attempts to repress a core obsession in your life, often revenge. It draws its power from monomania and your Shadow's abilities grant you the power to pursue your singular goal, to ignore all distractions, to persevere when all is lost, and to ruthlessly eliminate those who stand between it and the object of its all-consuming, unyielding monomania.

Concepts: The Count of Monte Cristo, Captain Ahab, Bruce Wayne.

Choleric: Leaders and Control Freaks.

Derangement: Hysteria

+1 Strength

Rage: Your Shadow is born from your suppression of anger. Not just anger. The need to destroy. Pain in a bottle. Your Shadow wants to rend, break, terrify and punish the guilty, and the sort-of-guilty, and those who stood by and did nothing, and anyone who gets in its way and so on and so forth. Your Shadow's powers enhance your body's ability to deal out pain and to withstand it. This Shadow lives, breathes, and breeds pain; their own and that of others.

Concepts: Edward Hyde, the Hulk.

Domination: Your Shadow needs to control others. They're very good at it, too, their powers making them a cunning manipulator and an inspirational leader. Your Shadow is likely to be hideously domineering, obsessed with authority, and quick to punish wayward underlings. They embody tyranny, both petty and grandiose.

Concepts: Manfred from the Castle of Otranto, Fu Manchu.

Melancholic: Fighters and Perfectionists.

Derangement: Paranoia

+1 Wits

Perfectionism: You are repressing your true genius, and your Shadow knows it. With its phenomenal intellect, the Shadow can order your life as it ought to be, eliminating imperfection. A purely cerebral inclination, the powers of perfectionism enhance the skills of planning, research and patience into a high art. The world will be as it should be, but your Shadow is not one of the moving parts. It will set other people and events in motion to achieve its aims, and will forever be disappointed in the results.

Concepts: Professor Moriarty, the crank theoretician, Hannibal Smith or Lector as you see fit.

Paranoia: Paranoid Shadows desire to disappear from view and move about the world, observing everything unseen, and perhaps meddling when nobody's looking. It is always watching, waiting, fearful that someone will find it, hurt it, smash it. So hide. Hiding is the best way to avoid pain. Their powers conceal their presence and allow unnatural movements.

Concepts: The Invisible Man, prowlers, stalkers, spies.

Leukine: Mystics and Madmen

Derangement: Delusions

+1 Composure

Apathy: Your shadow shows how little you truly care for the trials world; passion, fear, joy sorrow mean nothing to them. Only your goals and your person-hood seem to move it and even then it is in a cold meticulous way.

Madness: Inside you is a kaleidoscope of emotion, a swirling vortex constantly shifting from joy, rage, fear, sorrow, it is all you can do to maintain control of the typhoon of passions. This storm is also your greatest strength for in an instant you call upon it to accomplish impossible feats.

Agencies

Brethren of the Road: Embodies the Virtue of Prudence

Not every Janus is concerned with the nature of the Shadow, or protecting the human race, or even doing good. Some have everyday problems that far outweigh their Shadow, and they just want to get through the day. If the Shadow can help them, that's great, and if it can't, then they have bigger issues to deal with. Careful planning is a large part of directing the Shadow to more productive ventures; at least that's what the Brethren of the Road would say.

The Brethren began as a band of highwaymen in 18th century Ireland, whose philosophy primarily grew out of the challenges that an "off the grid" lifestyle of the time would bring. In honor of this close bond their founders shared, the contemporary Brethren call each other Brothers. These simple folk do not preach a doctrine, nor do they offer a theory on the workings of the Janusian mind. Rather, the Brothers find it best to teach the skills they think a Janus needs to survive, without directing their personal growth. Obviously those skills have changed over the decades, and the Brethren have changed along with them, with the notable exception of not using the term Sister for female members, who are also known as Brothers. They claim that the original Brethren of the Road had female members too, and they were also called Brothers.

There is one tradition that has been passed down, more a relic than anything else. The world has always given names to the things that lurk in the shadows, and in the English Isles one of them is Black Dog. Some think they are demons, other believe they are flesh and blood monsters, but the Brethren see them as a metaphor for everything we do not understand, either about ourselves or the world around us. So sometimes Brothers will refer to their Shadow as their "Black Dog", dark and dangerous at first, but with a little time and patience, they are a most loyal and friendly companion.

But as a whole, the Brethren of the Road don't put much stock in rituals, traditions, or anything else you would normally expect from a secret society. The Brothers support one another in all aspects of their lives, they help other Janusi as they can, and that's enough for them. But they do have certain tried-and-true tenets that they have found work in any situation.

The first is "When you gamble, you bet with your brother's money". The Brethren know that when one of them is stuck in a jam, they will bail each other out. No favors, no debts, they help their brothers simply because they are brothers, be they part of their Clique or a member of the Brethren. But this is not to be taken lightly. While rare, the Brethren have been known to deal with abusive members in the brutal, some would say barbaric, ways that have been passed down since the Brethren's inception. While capital punishment is not practiced, branding that would make a Long Pig wince is, and it is not unusual for the former-Brother to be stripped of their Tincture's power and cast out of the Brethren.

The second is "Always be vigilant". As you may expect, the life of a highwayman is fraught with many dangerous surprises, and the Brethren have been burned more than once by inattentiveness. So they teach that one should always know what's coming, be it a band of Malchik, a local drug dealer, or even an Asha; a Brother should always have the tools and the skills to deal with whatever threatens their Clique. To this

end, Brothers look for patterns, formulate adaptable plans, and have been known to stash whatever they may need in and around places they frequent. These tendencies have led to many being seen as paranoid, but no one can deny the usefulness of the Brethren's plans.

The third, and final, tenet is "Trust your brothers". This may seem a simple given, but it is important nonetheless. The Brethren know that community is central to the sanity of human beings, and it is no different for Janusi. And in a world where your dreams can literally kill you, there are roving gangs of Mr. Hyde wannabes, and an entire city can be turned against you at the word of a madman, it is important to know that you can trust those who trust you. But with this sacred bond, comes the heaviest of weights. Do not betray a Brother of the Road, for while they will not kill you, they can make your life hell. But these punishments are reserved only for members of the betrayed Brother's Clique and the Brethren themselves.

The Brethren's Tincture, **Providentia**, allows them to adapt to most situations they may find themselves in.

Stereotypes:

Brimstone Society: *They have all the resources they could need, but they don't use them.*

Chained Order: *They spend so much time talking about what might be that they can't see what is.*

Le Carnaval: *A good distraction, both against a foe and when life is just too much.*

Long Pig Compact: *True friends, if a bit preoccupied with good and evil. And those piercings are not good for stealth work.*

Moorsen Institute: *Good researchers, and they care for their own. Can't react all that fast though.*

Temple of St. Giles: *They're like religious hunting dogs.*

Malchiks: *Their very presence in a region is a threat.*

Vampires: *Predators in heart and mind, they are not to be trusted.*

Werewolves: *If you respect them and their rules, they'll do the same.*

Mages: *Knowledge is their weapon. Don't give them any.*

Changelings: *Good folk, they know the meaning of trust. So don't give them any.*

Prometheans: *I pity you, but I also hate you. Why do I hate you?*

Mummies: *Good friends to have, but you have to earn it.*

Sin-Eaters: *If you put one down, make sure it stays down.*

Demons: *Useful in a pinch, but watch their wording.*

Beasts: *Are you sure you're not a Black Dog?*

Heroes: *Always a threat. I should introduce them to the Malchiks.*

Princesses: *It's best to remain under their radar. They have their own problems, and we have ours.*

Geniuses: *They may work slow, but they have the strongest weapons.*

Leviathan: *Don't let them near your Brothers.*

Hunters: *Show them your enemies from the shadows.*

Mortals: *Not our concern.*

Brimstone Society: Embodies the Virtue of Temperance

The Brimstone Society is, much like Janusi themselves, of two faces. They are at once a complex Agency, while offering a simple philosophy. Though the Society fulfills their representative virtue, they seem to disregard it at every turn. They are the most embedded in the human world, but have access to things far beyond most people.

Members of the Brimstone Society believe in the simple truth of balancing all things in their lives. Sometimes the Janus is in control, and sometimes the Shadow is. Similarly, though a supernatural solution to a problem may be easiest, a mundane one is oftentimes more appropriate. The Brimstone Society asks its members not to walk a middle path between darkness and light, but to spend equal time in either.

To outsiders who observe Society meetings, it seems that members have no control over their urges. The Brimstone Society always has the best of everything, be it food, clothing, or music. But this is but a controlled release of its members' desires. Outside of its meetings, Janusi belonging to the Society tend to have the least opulent belongings, their urges for luxury being mostly satisfied during their meetings.

But the furnishings of their meetings cannot come from nowhere, nor can the Janusi provide all of them themselves. To that end, the Brimstone Society has connections all across the world, from the newest of weed dens, to the most firmly established dynasties of chefs, artists, musicians, and anything else that could be luxurious.

As for the meetings themselves, the theme is usually a satirical play on classical catholic themes, in honor of the original Hellfire Clubs. What matters is not the trappings of the nuns, priests, or demons that the Janusi dress in, but the joke of how ridiculous the "good vs evil" way of life they come from is. To the Brimstone Society, if you spend all your time resisting your dark side, your inevitable "fall from grace" will be that much harder. It's safe to say that the Society does not see eye to eye with the Chained Order on most things.

The Society's Tincture, **Auctoritas**, allows them to dominate conversation, letting them counteract all but the most well-crafted arguments and leave whomever they're speaking with nodding along in agreement.

Stereotypes:

Brethren of the Road: *They may know not to fear their dark side, but they lack any ambition.*

Chained Order: *How sad. Your self righteousness keeps you from seeing all the fun you could have.*

Le Carnival: *Oh they throw the BEST of parties. Too bad they have nothing to balance it out.*

Long Pig Compact: *You are so serious, all the time. Take a load off, lack every once in a while.*

Moorsen Institute: *Too caught up studying life to actually live it.*

Temple of St. Giles: *Good bouncers, bad partiers.*

Malchiks: *They always seem to break at least one chair, chug all my wine, and cover my toilet in vomit.*

Vampires: *These guys know how to lead a balanced lifestyle. Just make sure they don't start eating your guests.*

Werewolves: *Even if the moon isn't full, they make terrible guests.*

Mages: *Okay, wisdom, responsibility, got it. But when do you relax?*

Changelings: *They throw good parties, but never make a deal when you're drunk.*

Prometheans: *I know it's not your fault, but you're upsetting my guests. Now leave before you upset me.*

Mummies: *Very good for philosophical debates, and they live the ultimate balance.*

Sin-Eaters: *Go on, I dare you. What are you afraid of?*

Demons: *You never know what new part of their life they'll show up wearing. Again, watch the deals you make.*

Beasts: *Alright, you design the decorations, I'll handle logistics. This will be the best haunted house ever.*

Heroes: *No, you can't bring a sword to a costume party. Come back with a plastic one.*

Princesses: *Sit down, take a load off. Nothing will hurt you here.*

Geniuses: *Give them a barrel of wine and say "go for it". It'll have a different flavor with every taste.*

Leviathan: *They command such authority. Too bad they never actually use it.*

Hunters: *Please leave your weapons in the box, your jackets on the rack, and your attitudes at the door.*

Mortals: *Okay, make sure it's here by 7, I need time to stock them.*

Chained Order: Embodies the Virtue of Fortitude

Arguably the most religious Agency, and certainly the most mystical, the Chained Order has its origins in 19th century occultism. The original Chained Order members were Theleman mystics who concluded that the Shadow was a manifestation of the entity known as Therion or Mega Therion, the Great Beast. These days, the Chained Order is less specific in its hypothesis: the Order serves as an association for any Sheared who thinks of their Shadow as a manifestation of a transcendent spiritual force rather than just a repressed portion of their own psyche. The term Great Beast or Therion is often used by members of the Chained Order to refer to the primordial, supernatural source of the Shadow, but the use of a common phrase does not imply any consistency in the Order's theories about the *nature* of the Beast. Chained Order members identify Therion variously with: Satan, God, the consciousness of the universe, one or more pagan deities, the afterlife, and other options besides. The common uniting thread is the belief that one's Shadow is more than just a voice in your head - it's a voice from Beyond.

The Chained Order still operates rather in the manner of a 19th century occult association. Its members gather at salons, debate their theories, trade ancient texts and artifacts and perform various rites and séances. Open-mindedness is a key criterion for entry - it's fine to staunchly defend your own belief that the Shadow is a manifestation of the Great God Pan, but you have to be willing to share the floor with another Janus who intends to lead the crowd in a Satanic rite, complete with animal sacrifice. The Chained Order officially believes that whoever may be right about the secrets of the Shadow, any Janus can learn something from other beliefs and mystical traditions. A Chained Order member should always be willing to hear a new theory or take part in a new kind of mystical self-discovery - of course, not all members live up to that ideal all of the time.

This open-mindedness does have a limit, though. The Chained Order are mortally offended by the idea that the Shadow is human or mundane. The salons of the Chained Order do not entertain theories that are purely psychological, scientific or pseudoscientific.

Stereotypes:

Brethren of the Road: *It's a romantic lifestyle, but are they learning anything?*

Brimstone Society: *Perhaps in another life they'll learn to look a little further than temporal power and pleasure.*

Le Carnival: *They're likely hiding something, like any performer. But is it spiritual truth, or just a shell game?*

Long Pig Compact: *They walk the same path as us, though it takes them to darker places.*

Moorsen Institute: *Deny all you want, you know the Beast is real.*

Temple of St. Giles: *Disappointingly medieval. What could have been a spiritual awakening becomes a festival of flagellation.*

Malchiks: *They think they're listening to the Great Beast, but I don't think they've got the message.*

Vampires: *Bodies whose souls have moved on. Learn their secrets if you can, but don't let yourself believe they are people.*

Werewolves: *They have their purpose, we have ours. I'm not sure we have much to learn from each other.*

Mages: *You don't get power like that without wisdom.*

Changelings: *Your spiritual journey had an awful beginning, but how will it end?*

Prometheans: *Better to die than live with half a soul.*

Mummies: *I've never found one that wanted to share their knowledge. What secrets they must recall...*

Sin-Eaters: *You know a thing or two about souls. I have two, why do you think that might be?*

Demons: *The Machine they're fleeing: that is no God.*

Beasts: *I'm not sure there's a difference between us.*

Heroes: *If you want him, you'll have to come through me. Me and the Other Guy.*

Princesses: *It's a bright and potent light. But what is light without shadow?*

Geniuses: *The mind and the spirit are not the same thing.*

Leviathan: *There is a place in this world for monsters, we both know that.*

Hunters: *Who gave you the right to decide who should and should not live?*

Mortals: *We're just like you, only more so.*

Le Carnaval: Embodies the Virtue of Hope

Carnaval des âmes perdues et fous, or the Carnival of lost souls and fools, began life as a simple party in the wake of the French Revolution. Le Carnaval sought nothing more than wine, women, and music, at least until the Reign of Terror, when a leader was falsely accused of treason by a rival. After the leader escaped in an incident involving the guillotine falling apart and cleaving the rival's head off, the Zanni as they like to be called, transformed from a random party into a force of enlightenment, appearing seemingly at random in places on the edge, to bring joy, hope and fellowship. Needless to say, the incident that started it all was removed from official documents.

Their main belief is that since the Shadow seems to be formed from repressed desires, to deny the Shadow's needs is to deny yourself. However, there was a reason these desires were repressed: they often become dangerous if not stopped. In order to combat this, Zanni view their work in two phases: Faim et Fete, which translates to Fast and Feast. The Janus follows the path of Faim, and chooses to follow self-discipline and control and freeing their mind. Then, they let the Shadow take over for Fete, which involves many Zanni gathering together in one place (any large space will do as long as it can be furnished properly) and just indulge themselves in mass quantities. These parties are like a combination of an orgy, feast, fight club, rave, and chess tournament wrapped up into one massive celebration.

Zanni believe that Janusi society will not improve unless everyone takes a lighter view of the world, and that it is not bad to indulge every once-in-awhile, so long as you aim to replace what you take. Indeed, Zanni find themselves in the role of a creator, as artists and film-makers and other creative types.

Their Tincture **Vesania** allows them to destabilize the minds of others, much like the roman god Bacchus.

Stereotypes:

Brethren of The Road: *Look, nobody's an island. You can't survive without help.*

Brimstone Society: *They try to have their cake and eat it too by maintaining "refinement" while throwing their elaborate parties. All it means is wine you can't swallow, pools you can't swim in, and beautiful clothes you can't make a mess on.*

Chained Order: *Between rambles about some "Great Beast" they can be fun, just don't let them talk your ear off.*

Long Pig Compact: *I like your style! Hey, want a round in the boxing ring?*

Moorsen Institute: *What do my dreams have to do with this? Can someone pass him a drink or pipe or something?*

Temple Of St. Giles: *Look, we fast too. Difference is, we eat.*

Malchiks: *You know, they sounded fun until one of their leaders tried to assault the Marquise.*

Vampires: *I was wary 'till I actually knew what being bitten was like. Now I invite them whenever possible.*

Werewolves: *Fresh venison, weird ghost bugs, wild tempers... they fit in perfectly!*

Mages: *Why be so high and mighty? Don't you want a drink?*

Changelings: *Woah, you drink like you're trying to forget something. What's the problem?*

Prometheans: *They always bring out the worst in everyone. Even when they aren't trying.*

Mummies: *Masters of mind games, but otherwise a little drab.*

Sin-Eaters: *I agree, rum is the best!*

Demons: *Huh, you act like you aren't really there. Thing is, I see you.*

Beasts: *Wow, this whole "Lair" thing is pretty cool. You throw parties here?*

Heroes: *Sorry, not invited. Ever. In fact, you're banned.*

Princesses: *Ugh! Take a load off for once! You've more than earned it!*

Geniuses: *Hey, the occasional "If I ruled the world" rant is more than worth the explosions.*

Leviathan: *Ooh! Nice "Great Deep One" theme! So glad I brought my masks.*

Hunters: *I could see them being such good friends if they let go of their anger. It's a shame, really.*

Mortals: *Look buddy, this is a rare opportunity to let loose!*

Long Pig Compact: Embodies the Virtue of Faith

In a pub near a New York dock in 1977, this Agency was founded with only one goal in mind: Keep the mortals safe from the Malchiks. In the decades since, they've grown in power and influence, eventually becoming the long arm of Janusi law. However, their roots are not with typical lawbringers or police. Rather, it started with the Modern Primitive movement and a group of Janusi among them, just looking for purpose in a random and chaotic world. The Long Pig Compact (Also referred to as "The Boars") sought to scar and tattoo their bodies to imitate great heroes of the past, hoping to channel their willpower to allow them to keep balance with their Shadow.

The Malchiks, what with their constant vandalism and murder and certain other unspeakable crimes, inspired these Janusi to forgo themselves and pick up a higher calling: to become the heroes they admired from the beginning. It started with the Six Long Pigs, a joking nickname for the original 6 members who bravely gave their lives trying to save innocent bystanders caught up in a Malchik raiding party. The Malchiks gave them their title as a way to set an example, dubbing them "Long Pigs" to dismiss them as little more than a meat shield delaying the inevitable. However, their sacrifice inspired other Freelance Janusi to unionize and put an end to their reign of terror. Scarring themselves in the name of the Six Long Pigs, they gathered up arms and brought order to Janusi Society, killing the monsters that terrorize humanity.

They believe their shadow is not good or evil, merely a manifestation of a certain drive for greatness that can be used or abused depending. It is a tool, and requires restraint and discipline to wield. However, they are known for being quick to violence and tend to be indistinguishable from some sort odd gang from an outside perspective. Indeed, they are just as mad as any other Janusi, merely focused on attacking whatever harms mortals and other Janusi.

Their Tincture **Mutatio** allows them to change their bodies more effectively than other Agencies.

Stereotypes:

Brethren of The Road: *They seem pretty bad, but they tend to pull through when it's needed most. Just keep your wallet safe. And your liquor locked up.*

Brimstone Society: *Sure, you got money... But do you ever help anyone with it? Didn't think so.*

Chained Order: *How... Mystical? Better to have on your side than against you, definitely.*

Le Carnaval: *Reckless, indulgent, loud... exactly why they throw the best parties.*

Moorsen Institute: *Brainy fuckers. Seriously, don't let them get in your head, figuratively or literally.*

Order Of St. Giles: *You know, if you spent more time working on your feet than your knees, we could get more done.*

Malchiks: *Never have I seen a bigger stain on this earth than these degenerates.*

Vampires: *Get out, stay out, and if I ever see you again I swear I'll tear off your head.*

Werewolves: *Hey, aside from the fur we're not too different.*

Mages: *Do what you want, just stay out of our way.*

Changelings: *Any more word-games and I'll beat you to death with your own leg.*

Prometheans: *Yeah, I don't care what you're "trying" to do, I just need you outta my town.*

Mummies: *I bet your dusty ass will snap in two if I so much as sneeze, so why should I fear you?*

Sin-eaters: *To be reborn with a very clear goal... That sounds nice.*

Demons: *Give. Him. His. Life. Back.*

Beasts: *Yeah I feel ya. It's rough as hell.*

Heroes: *One word for what they need: Defenestration.*

Princesses: *Poor kids. They really don't know what they're getting into.*

Geniuses: *Wow. Hey Moorsen! found ya a new drinking buddy!*

Leviathan: *Yeah, you "Old Gods" can eat my ass.*

Hunters: *Hey, some of them have the right idea.*

Mortals: *Yeah, I know I look weird. Yes, I got these scars custom made...*

Moorsen Institute: Embodies the Virtue of Charity

The Moorsen Institute was created in Alexandria, Louisiana on November 12th, 1951 to study the public consciousness and the Astral Sea. Members of The Moorsen Institute (also called "Moorsen Agents") believe that the human mind constructs Shadows entirely out of repressed desires and projects them onto the Astral Sea. Moorsen Agents are hired for their logic, abilities of reason, and mental flexibility. Moorsen Agents mostly do experiments on dreaming subjects (all paid volunteers, of course. though the occasional Agent has secretly seen what dreams come from unwitting test subjects) through a combination of technology and old-fashioned Dreamsailing. Their research on psychokinesis, however, is how most of the public knows them. Their research on the concept of psychic power, while the basis of their beliefs, has made them a sort of laughing-stock in the scientific community.

However, their research somehow receives plenty of funding. No one knows if it's due to a few eccentric rich donors, a secret hand in crime, or perhaps creative use of Dreamsailing to convince people to donate money. All anyone knows is that the Moorsen Institute has maintained its presence in society since its conception, and doesn't appear to be losing its presence any time soon. In fact, the Institute has even maintained a very positive public image by offering free psychiatric care and housing to veterans, the homeless, and cast-out orphans in exchange for participation in dream research. Indeed, the Moorsen Institute embodies the Virtue of Charity, mostly through it's strangely considerate treatment of its test subjects. Some members claim this is for practical reasons, and that societal outcasts have a higher likelihood of developing psychic abilities. Others claim that the good PR improves revenue. Most, however, realize that Janusi often need to do good deeds to stay in control of their shadows, and that if the people remain fed with jobs aiding in research meant to advance Janusi-kind forward, then all the better.

The Moorsen Institute's Tincture, **Inspiratio**, allows the mind to quicken and process information at a fantastic rate, allowing incredible jumps in logic.

Stereotypes:

Brethren of the Road: *They can be interesting to talk to, but they are very short-sighted when it comes to the bigger picture.*

Brimstone Society: *They live a life dedicated to balance. or so they say. Feels much more like life in bad faith.*

Chained Order: *Luddites. Completely unreasonable when important data is on the line.*

Le Carnival: *So self-centered that they feel the need to indulge constantly. Fun for a moment, but they become exhausting.*

Long Pig Compact: *Fighting in the streets will not save us.*

Temple of St. Giles: *Despite their theories being entirely wrong, their self-discipline is a marvel.*

Malchiks: *A complete waste of resources.*

Vampires: *Muted emotions, lessened brainwaves, and such faint dreams... it's a wonder they can hold on.*

Werewolves: *I prefer not to test on animals.*

Mages: *They are all deluded fools, every single one of them.*

Changelings: *I see. Now, tell me how that all makes you feel...*

Prometheans: *They are like a walking mental trauma. I urge no-one to enter their dreams.*

Mummies: *All that power, yet your identity is losing itself? How fascinating.*

Sin-Eaters: *What is that pale figure in your dreams? It's simply amazing. Nothing like what I've seen before.*

Demons: *... I see nothing.*

Beasts: *A living dream, in the flesh! Oh, you must tell me everything!*

Heroes: *Clearly needs some form of retraining, but nothing holds. Their dreams are highly disturbing fantasies.*

Princesses: *Really? And what do your dreams tell you to do? Don't worry, I won't use it against you.*

Geniuses: *They shun you too, huh?*

Leviathan: *That attitude is clearly unhealthy, but do go on as it seems pretty important for some reason.*

Hunters: *Just don't stare into the void too long. At least, not without proper protection.*

Mortals: *Every dream has a purpose, and you simply need to tell me what you saw.*

Temple of St. Giles: Embodies the Virtue of Justice

The Templar philosophy is to use the Shadow's power to fight iniquity and punish the guilty. They are the self-appointed “police force” of the Sheared. For some this means keeping an eye specifically on other Janusi, others fight supernatural injustice in any form. There are some vigilante Templars who are willing to use their abilities against mortal criminals.

The Temple's modus operandi is as modern as its outlook is medieval. Templars listen to police radios, trawl news sites, hack databases, analyse samples in laboratories and work up psychological profiles in pursuit of those they seek to punish. Some work in law enforcement themselves, and more have connections with the police. When a Templar finds their target, they don't shirk from using force to apprehend or eliminate their quarry.

The order is old: it originated with a warrior who took up the life of a monk after returning from the Fourth Crusade in the early 13th century. In the monastery he struggled with his Shadow and found solace in martial discipline. Eventually he decided to seek out other “demon-possessed” individuals like himself. To pursue this goal, he established the Temple of St. Giles, an organisation dedicated to helping the “mad” (St. Giles being the patron saint of cripples, beggars and the mentally ill). Among those who came to the Temple with their problems, he met other Janusi. He trained his disciples to defend themselves and others from evil, and to use the demon's power to right what is wrong. An Agency was born.

The Temple's philosophy is summarised by the Doctrine of Threefold Penance. The Shadow is a demon, trapped on earth as punishment for rebellion against God. This is the first penance. The Janus is a sinner, and their Shadow is inflicted on them as punishment for their thoughts and deeds – this is the second penance. The third penance is the punishments that the Templars themselves can inflict on the cruel and unjust of this world, finding redemption for their own sins by seeking out and destroying those worse than them.

Not every Templar believes in God, but almost all agree that the state of being Sheared is a punishment of some kind, and the only way to cleanse yourself of its stain is to mete out punishment of your own. In theory, a Templar avoids the sin of hypocrisy, holding themselves to as high a standard of purity and justice as they expect in others. In practice, they are often seen as arrogant and judgemental.

The art of channelling a Dominant was discovered centuries later, by which time the Temple's focus on martial prowess had diminished somewhat, and its members were interested in ways to track down elusive miscreants, including those of a supernatural nature. The Temple's Tincture, **Inquisitor**, named for the Latin word for a tracker or detective, enables incredible feats of deductive logic and investigation.

Despite the increased focus on detective work rather than combat, Templars are near-universally trained in combat to at least some degree.

Stereotypes:

Brethren of the Road: *Too many of them have criminal connections for my liking, but they are vigilant.*

Brimstone Society: *Prone to getting the idea that we work for them.*

Chained Order: *"Spirituality" is no substitute for morality.*

Le Carnival: *Is this what we fight so hard to protect?*

Long Pig Compact: *Against the very worst, they're by our sides. But they seem to think anything short of monstrosity counts as virtue.*

Moorsen Institute: *I'm interested in the kind of science that helps me catch the bad guy.*

Malchiks: *Monsters. They will not escape justice.*

Vampires: *How often the trail of corruption and iniquity leads back to one of these creatures...*

Werewolves: *The border they police is the most dangerous of all, you have to respect them for that.*

Mages: *Call me old-fashioned, but I prefer not to put my trust in sorcerers.*

Changelings: *I think they're serving out a penance of their own. They don't like it much when I say that.*

Prometheans: *Often the victims of injustice.*

Mummies: *The only Judge I care about has a throne in heaven above, not some shadowy underworld.*

Sin-Eaters: *Help me protect the living. The dead I can take or leave.*

Demons: *The first step in redemption is admitting you were wrong. Are you prepared to do that?*

Beasts: *I just want you to stop hurting people. Whether that kills you doesn't concern me.*

Heroes: *Servants of a perverted justice, but at least they know what the word means.*

Princesses: *Hope? I used to have time for that.*

Geniuses: *At best, irrelevant. At worst, profoundly dangerous.*

Leviathans: *Yeah, some things I'm just plain afraid of.*

Hunters: *OK, I'm bad. Now come and help me take down something worse.*

Mortals: *Rest easy, if you can. Someone's looking out for you.*

Malchiks: Embodies reckless abandon.

Described more under Antagonists. An “Agency” that preaches no understanding, no restraint, only freedom in the most twisted sense. The Malchiks believe the Shadow is their true self, and so follow every one of its desires.

Those unaligned with a particular Agency are referred to as Freelancers.

Systems

Ego

Ego is the measure of a Janus' sense of self and the strength of their identity, and so is the Energy Advantage for them. While it is primarily spent in the production of both Concoctions and Constructs, as well in the use of Boons, Ego does have other applications:

- It can be spent reflexively to prevent an attack against a Janus's mind. In game terms this means after the use of the Potency stat to resist such an attack, the player may then spend Ego at a 1-to-1 ratio to reduce the attacking members' successes.
- Ego can also be spent to protect the Janus from damage, though the mechanic is largely dependent on whether the Janus is under the effect of a Greater Tincture.

Under no or a Lesser Tincture

- Ego is spent at a 1-to-1 ratio to reduce damage by one grade (lethal to bashing, aggravated to lethal). Note: Damage can't be reduced past bashing, and such damage can't be soaked as normal.

Under the effects of a Greater Tincture

- Much the same as above except that it can be reduced past bashing and bashing can be soaked as normal.

As for acquiring more, the easiest way is to spend Willpower, though a nice day off works too.

Mechanically, it looks like this:

- A temporary Willpower point can be spent to gain 3 points of Ego
- A full night's sleep restores 1 point of Ego
- Regaining Willpower through Virtue restores 1 point of Ego.
- Willpower regained through your Vice restores 3 points of Ego.

The Dreamscape

The Dreamscape, or Astral Sea, is broken down differently for Janusi then Mages. First, everyone has what's called their Inner World, literally their mind, and as such is composed of traumas, desires, and memories. Often, actors (non-sentient thought-constructs) are caricatures of events and people, seen through the eyes of the person's mind (remember that episode of the Buffy with the kid in a coma, who turned his coach into an invisible club armed monster? Same thing.) Also, fair warning, remember that when entering a person's inner world they are a literal god, and so are capable of placing some strange Complexes. At least, if they can control it. Complexes are rules of edict that all must obey or be punished, even the person who instigated the taboos themselves.

The Outer-Inner world is the collective subconscious that connects all Inner worlds together, and if you want to enter another's Inner world, you must travel through this to it, and maneuvering between various innate fears, alien thoughts, and the Alebrije (who are looking to deal with Alien thoughts, which can include the Janusi themselves) is no walk in the park. Thankfully, the time in the Outer-Inner World is directly related to physical distance. Of course, even then you have to get past the natural defenses of that person's mind in the form of a Guardian, though this is significantly easier if you get the person's consent. Then you only have to worry about their subconscious mind.

Accessing the Dreamscape:

So what does it look like? Well, it looks like a clique of Janusi sat around a campfire or in someone's kitchen. There's something boiling away on the fire or on the stove. Everyone is adding ingredients, moved by some subconscious instinct from deep within.

Geoff started by melting down three candles, Sara has added half a litre of orange soda, and Klaus added ammonia and dishwasher detergent. The whole thing is mixing better than it has any right to, coming down to a smooth creamy rainbow paste right now, although it is emitting noxious-smelling fumes as it bubbles. Before it's over, Geoff has to do the bit that makes them even more uncomfortable, the bit that works suspiciously like magic. He's got a photograph of the guy whose Isle they're trying to reach, and Sara hoodwinked the target into signing the back. That connection will offer them a chance of navigating the Sea of Dreams to where they want to go. The photograph slips into the mixture and melts away, the facial features distorting, twisting and gone.

A huge bubble bursts, there's rainbow-coloured goo splattering the area, and everything smells weird. Already the Janusi are starting to feel a little on edge, giggly, twitchy, as the mixture takes effect. All of a sudden, the mixture is thick with sugary grains as Klaus stirs it with a cracked wooden spatula. The colour is settling down, distinctly bluish with swirls of indigo. It's clumping together, drying out, turning into glittering grains of evening twilight, although a weird green colour is starting to show up, slightly luminous. The Janusi guess that it's ready - it's hard to tell because the stuff looks different, if equally illegal and unhealthy, every time. Swallowing or snorting it as they see fit, they ascend to the Mental Plane, leaving their bodies lolling and frothing on the floor, blank junkie eyes taking in the physical world with nothing and no-one behind them. They'd videoed the whole thing once, only to see Geoff occasionally chuckling and Klaus spending five minutes curled up in the fetal position, crying his eyes

out. But since their consciousnesses were off travelling the Dreamscape, all the video did was raise the troubling question - who was laughing? Who was crying? They stopped recording after that.

Anyway, they manifest in a circle of standing stones on a vast misty plane, white-robed figures walking across a ridge in the distance. Some primordial memory, or perhaps an idealised form that never was. One of the white-robed figures turned around and smiled at them, her features somehow visible across the distance. All of them recognise her - it's Miss Clockspring, Sara's Shadow, along for the ride. But at least there were three of them to deal with her mischief and keep the Trip on target. Hopefully it would be enough.

Dreamsailing:

One two, he's coming for you...

A Janus's two primary abilities in the Dreamscape are shaping the Dreamscape to suit their needs and finding a specific Isle.

Dreamshaping:

Potency + Expression.

Dramatic Failure: You accidentally undo your own progress. The last few changes you made to the Dreamscape are undone.

Failure: No progress is made in altering the Dreamscape.

Success: The Dreamscape is altered slightly. Multiple successes are required for bigger changes.

Exceptional success: In addition to the great progress made, your changes are harder to undo for the rest of the scene.

+2 if subject is already under some form of mind alteration(mind control, substance use, etc)

+1 if subject is unaware of being in a dream

-1 if subject is aware that they are dreaming

-2 if subject can astral project

-3 if subject is a Princess, Mage, Beast, or other creature with access to the Dreamworld.

Dreamfind:

Potency + Empathy.

Dramatic Failure: Missed a turn 'round the id mountain. You end up on an entirely different Isle.

Failure: No progress is made.

Success: A bit of progress is made in finding the desired Isle.

Exceptional Success: Instant Arrival at your target.

+ 5 if you have known the dreamer very closely

+ 2 if you are very familiar with them

+ 1 if you know the dreamer somewhat

- 1 if you don't know them at all

- 2 if you don't even know their real name

- 1-5 if subject is sleeping under a dream ward, depending on the ward's strength (Dream Catchers, Obsidian Totems, protection circles, etc).

Changes to the Dreamworld give circumstantial bonuses to all Social rolls against the dreamer. After all, you might refuse to sell someone your favorite guitar in person, but would you say no if a giant dragon-beast came from the underworld and threatened to kill your soul if you did not sell the guitar in a dream the night before? Thought not.

One's presence in the Dreamscape is measured by their Willpower. As visitors to the Dreamscape become more and more damaged, their Willpower, not their Health, is what falls. If a physical person ever has their Willpower drop to 0 points while in the Dreamscape they will simply wake, probably checking themselves for whatever wounds woke them, and almost certainly with a headache.

The former sleeper may roll their Morality as an extended action to fall back asleep, but they will not dream, the target number is their dots in Willpower, and every roll is an hour's worth of laying awake in bed. Alternatively, they may spend a point of Willpower to push through their fear of dying in their sleep. A certain Merit referencing a certain dream-based killer can allow attacks on Health in addition to Willpower.

If a person or creature that exists entirely in the Dreamscape ever drops to 0 Willpower they temporarily lose almost all of their power, transforming into little wisps of basest thought. While it is possible to recover from this state, it is incredibly unlikely without assistance, the fastest way being to be infused with a point of Ego from a Janus or stronger dream creature. Another is to return to the Isle from whence it came and soak in the latent energies of their home.

Dream creatures:

Many beings call the Dreamscape home, be they made on an individual's Isle or born from the Sea of Dreams. The more complex of these creatures are even people in their own right, called Animi (singular Animus), and the strongest of these are even capable of manipulating Ego. All dream creatures have a Potency score, but this is more a measure of their connection to the Dreamscape itself and their ability to manipulate it, rather than their strength, speed, and cunning.

A creature with a Potency of 1 or 2 will almost always rely on their more mundane attributes to get by, and it is only those with a Potency of 4 or 5 that have Extract- and Tincture-like abilities. The higher Potency dream creatures, be they big or small, smart or stupid, strong or weak, slow or fast, have strange abilities that are to be feared, as they can almost certainly outright kill anyone that displeases them. Luckily, the power of these creatures means they will undoubtedly affect the local Sea of Dreams, so they're kind of hard to miss.

When a dream creature is reduced to Willpower 0 they turn into an Anima, more commonly known as a wisp. Anima, the plural of which is also Anima, are small floating beings, ranging from the size of a ping-pong ball to a watermelon, and each gives off a unique light of varying colors.

As mentioned above, wisps can be restored to 1 Willpower by the infusion of 1 Ego, be it from a Janus, a powerful dream creature, by soaking up errant Ego in the Sea of Dreams, or from returning to a place of

rest in their home Isle. The reason that this is rare is that whatever made the Anima manifest has probably captured it, usually to be consumed in some way. While other dream creatures, not always Alebrije, can consume Anima to fuel themselves, Janusi can infuse Anima into mundane objects to create Constructs, transferring any special abilities the Anima formerly had to the item. But know this, if the Construct is ever destroyed the Anima is restored to its full form, is aware of everything that happened while it was bound, and is most certainly none too happy.

Identity

Janusi have two Identity scores. One is the player's, which functions normally, and the other represents their Shadow. This starts at 0, and rises as the player either loses himself to their Shadow, such as running out of temporary willpower while under the effects of a Tincture, or as another option after failing an Identity roll.

A Shadow's Identity begins at 1, where they suffer from 1 severe derangement at Identity 6, determined by their Temperament, and 2 mild derangements at Identity 2 and 4, chosen at character creation. The Shadow's derangements only come into effect when either dealing with the Shadow directly, or when using a Tincture, at which point they are applied in addition to whatever derangements the character is already suffering from.

Identity

10
9
8
7
6
5
4
3
2
1

Sin

Ignoring your Shadow.
Blaming the Shadow for a Sin.
Hurting a Shadow.
Losing a philosophical debate with your Shadow.
Forcing the Shadow to act against its will.
Using the Astral Sea to harm innocent people.
Forcing a Shadow to be punished for your wrongdoing.
Destroying something your Shadow truly cares about.
Killing another Janus's shadow.
Trying to kill your Shadow.

Shadow

10
9
8
7
6

5
4
3
2
1

Sin

Dismissing your Janus.
Lying to your Janus.
Pretending to be your Janus without their consent.
Breaking self imposed rules.
Forcing your Janus to be punished/pay for problems you caused.
Blaming major problems caused by you on your Janus.
Hiding highly important information from your Janus.
Ending a life to indulge in a vice.
Destroying something your Janus truly cares about.
Trying to eliminate your Janus.

Alchemy

Concoctions usually take the form of potions that not only grant Janusi supernatural powers, but allow the Shadow to manifest as a Persona in the real world. Players can have a number of Concoctions equal to $3 \times$ Potency. A single drop is all that is needed to instigate the change, but this still drains the potion's power. Strength is equal to Potency + Infusion + Ego Spent. Possibly (Potency) + (Rank in related Spirit) + (Rank in related Skill)

Mechanics:

All Janusi know the Tincture extract, and it doesn't count towards the starting extracts that a player knows. When a Janus invokes the Persona, they add to dice pools the corresponding Tincture attribute. For example, if you are Hyded you wouldn't do a Strength + Melee roll. Instead, you would do an Infusion + Strength + Melee roll, because you're not the only one swinging that axe, the Shadow's helping you. In addition, as your Sin score increases you gain various perks while transformed. Back to the Father Ishmael example, let's say he has a sin of 3 (he's screwed the pooch a few times), which means he gets three ranks to put into either Domination or Rage. In addition, for every point above 7 in Identity you have, you gain a free rank into play, including the Archetypes and Personal perks. And yes, those should go away with your morality score changes. In addition, depending on how strong those compositions are, your character may suffer from Ticks that will need to be dealt with.

1. Infusion is the **Power** statistic of concoctions, indicating a Sheared's ability to pour his or her own Shadow into the mixture: the more raw power contained in the brewing concoction the more potent the result will be. Infusion has been linked to the alchemical stage of **nigredo**, or blackness, in which the essential elements are putrefied, burned, or corrupted. The Greek term for this state is **melanosis**.

From what little is known of its roots in Arabic Alchemy, the Sheared link infusion to **salt** and **the principle of condensation**, through which process the Shadow is made manifest.

2. Amalgamation is the **Finesse** statistic of concoctions, indicating a Sheared's ability to subtly balance the complex elements of his or her concoctions, mitigating untoward effects. Amalgamation has been linked to the alchemical stage of **citrinitas**, or yellowness, in which the essential elements come together and begin to awaken to their full potential following albedo. The Greek term for this state is **xanthosis**.

From what little is known of its roots in Arabic Alchemy, amalgamation is linked to **quicksilver** and **the principle of balance**, as its transmutable properties of volatility and stability help approach an ideal mixture.

3. Distillation is the **Resistance** statistic of concoctions, indicating a Sheared's ability to condense the strange materials of his or her alchemy into a more concentrated form, allowing the effects to last longer. Distillation has been linked to the alchemical stage of **albedo**, or whiteness, in which the raw detritus of nigredo is cast off, leaving the essential elements in a more refined form. The Greek term for this state is **leucosis**.

From what little is known of its roots in Arabic Alchemy, the Sheared link distillation to **sulphur** and **the principle of combustion**, representing the process of purification.

4. Some thinkers among the Sheared have been distressed by a lack of the alchemical stage of **Rubedo**, or redness (Greek: **iosis**), in particular because one of the attributes of rubedo is “wholeness.” Other thinkers propose that the aspect of Rubedo is fulfilled by the different “Spirits” (in the chemical, rather than metaphysical sense) corresponding to the different Tinctures:

- A. The Philter of Venus: Spirit of the Sanguine, associated with the element of Air.
- B. The Balm of Mercury: Spirit of the Phlegmatic, associated with the element of Water.
- C. The Libation of Jupiter: Spirit of the Choleric, associated with the element of Fire.
- D. The Dram of Mars: Spirit of the Melancholic, associated with the element of Earth.

It is worth noting that there are many detractors who think all these alchemical associations are **pure bullshit**, especially since these pairings of Spirits and their Planets have **NO** representation in any classic literature, and seem to have been cobbled together to provide explanations where there are none.

Proponents counter, somewhat snootily, that they have refined the correlations based on their unique insight into the human mind, *thank you very much*.

II. HOW WOULD IT WORK?

Each Concoction would have a “recipe”, which would look something like this:

SAVIARI (Persuasion)

Infusion **

Amalgamation **

Distillation *

Philter of Venus ***

1. In order to make this Concoction under normal circumstances, the character would need the appropriate number of dots in each area to have the “skill” to create the concoction. So in order to make the extract of SAVIARI, the Janus would need 2 dots in Infusion, 2 dots in Amalgamation, 1 dot in Distillation, and 3 dots in Philter of Venus.

2. The amount of Ego that must be invested in each Concoction depends on whether it is a Tincture or an Extract. For an Extract, one must spend only the points of Ego equal to the dots one has in the related Spirits. So in the above Extract, a Janus would have to spend 3 points of Ego to brew it.

The power investment for Tinctures is in the works, but given how fundamental they are, I'm debating making it as high as a point of Ego for EACH dot in the recipe.

3. In order to actually brew the Concoction, the Janus must make an extended action with the needed number of successes equal to the number of dots in the recipe. So for the recipe for SAVIARI above, $2+2+1+3=8$ successes in order to brew the Extract. Each roll would equal an hour's time.

This may seem excessive, but I think it plays into the “balancing act” that's a part of Janus's core game-play; these are individuals who are trying to hold their mortal lives together while keeping their Shadows in check. Having to arrange your life so that the kids are at sleepovers AND the husband is out watching the game so you can brew your love potions and commit adultery with the hot girl from work should take some finagling.

4. Rolls would be equal to: Potency+Rank in related Spirit+Rank in related Skill [See above]

Tinctures

Every Sheared, Janus or Asha, has a unique food or drink that brings their Shadow fully into the world as a full body Persona, but runs the risk of switching the Shadow with the Sheared. The recipe for this consumable is given, piece by piece, from a Shadow to their Janus, and rarer is the Asha, who can't create one instinctively. Extracts, gained from unique insights into the workings of the Shadow, can be added to this already powerful Tincture, either to dilute its effects, or to heighten its potency.

Tinctures can be brewed at any level. Even the most balanced and powerful of the Sheared remember how to create their first Tincture, allowing them to manifest less overt Personas.

Extracts

- Bread and butter of the Janus, manifests fragments of the Shadow.
- Can be quick cast.
- Sorted by which Tincture with which they are associated.
- Starting players start with 2 of his choice.
- Wears off naturally, but cannot be ended early.
- Allows the shadow to whisper loudly.

Temperament Tinctures:

Obscure: The classic Invisible Man potion

Favored Tincture of: Melancholic

Inspiration: The Invisible Man

Expletus: The perfect gentleman, at least in form

Favored Tincture of: Melancholic

Inspiration: Manfred of The Castle of Otranto

Vires: The one true Hyde, raw power and confidence

Favored Tincture of: Choleric

Inspiration: Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde

Sustineo: Allows user to completely ignore their body's limits

Favored Tincture of: Phlegmatic

Inspiration: Doctor Doom

Allure: The archetypal of the Femme Fatale, beautiful and irresistible

Favored Tincture of: Sanguine

Inspiration: Femme Fatale

Commutabo: Allows creation of artificial/unreal constructs

Favored Tincture of: Leukine

Inspiration: Illusionists

Agency Tinctures

Veneficus: Oracles and mystics capable of using boons and Ego in weird ways

Favored Tincture of: Chained Order

Inspiration: Every single Gypsy in any horror movie ever.

Mutatio: fleshwarping and physical alteration

Favored Tincture of: The Long Pig Compact

Inspiration: Mutants

Vesania: Madness, Hallucination, and Illusion

Favored Tincture of: Le Carnaval

Inspiration: Bacchus

Providentia: Survival, Resilience, Adaptation

Favored Tincture of: Brethren of the Road

Inspiration: Rangers/Fringers

Animum: The classic mad scientist capable of amazing leaps of logic.

Favored Tincture of: Moorsen Institute

Inspiration: Mad Scientist

Auctorita: Lords and Ladies of wherever they are, can dominate people

Favored Tincture of: Brimstone Society

Inspiration: The Gentry

Voluntas: The Detective, smart and perceptive

Favored Tincture of: Temple of St. Giles

Inspiration: Sherlock Holmes

Oppugnare: The Killer, inhumanity and torture

Favored Tincture of: The Malchiks

Inspiration: Raiders/Fiends

Extract:

Sample Extract:

Dentin: The user grows an additional set of teeth.

Effect(s): Player gains a bite attack.

Notes: The teeth may develop anywhere that there is a fold in skin.

Hands, neck, stomach, mouth, and groin are popular places.

Merits

The Crueler Krueger (● - ●●●●●●)

You have mastered the art of dream energy, and can convert psychic damage to physical harm like a certain dream-based killer.

- - Can substitute a point of bashing damage for each point of willpower drained
- - Can substitute a point of lethal damage for each point of willpower drained
- - Draining all willpower can kill a subject
- - Can substitute a point of aggravated damage for each point of willpower drained
- - Killing a subject in their dreams recovers health for the Janus equal to the willpower drained.

Manifestation (● or ●●●)

All shadows are capable of whispering to their owners, though some take a more visual role.

- - A literal devil on your shoulder capable of giving insight to their partners.
- - The shadow has a full body form that looks exactly like the person's Persona.

Notes:

- Shadows are only visible to their Owners, though some supernatural powers can glimpse them.
- Manifested Shadows cannot interact with the real or spiritual world.

Antagonists

Asha

Of all the enemies that the Veiled encounter, none are as dangerous, or as infamous, as the Asha. Illuminated twins to the Janusi, these paragons of virtue at first seem to be the heroes that this sinful world needs, save for one simple fact: they are all stark raving mad.

Like the Janusi, each Asha's Shadow is tied to a Temperament. Unlike Janusi, the Asha embody the opposite of each Temperaments' faults. The **Sanguine** see Giving as the ultimate good a person can do, while the **Phlegmatic** preach Restraint in all things. **Choleric** Asha are extremely Independent, and believe everyone else should be too. **Melancholic** Shadows think that sadness is the ultimate evil, and so view being Joyful as the best thing a person can do. Most people see these as good things, but the Asha take them to such extremes that those who do not trust in them fully soon see the horror they wreak.

Sanguine, Giving; Sanguine Asha believe that material goods are the root of all evil. So, obviously, the path of the righteous is to give away anything you don't need. As the Asha grows crazier and crazier this soon includes things that people do need. And selling your possessions is just as bad, because you get money in exchange, the most evil of all material wealth. The only truly good path is to give up all belongings and urge others to do the same.

Phlegmatic, Restraint; Phlegmatic Asha have seen the destruction wrought by what people allow themselves to indulge in. Therefore good can only come from those who do not indulge themselves, be it in drugs, food, drink, theater, sex, or any other acts of luxury. Asha with this view see anything that is not strictly necessary to living, and eventually many things that are, as evil.

Choleric, Independence; Choleric Asha know the pain that comes from relying on others, the strain that that reliance puts on your supporter, so it seems obvious that the act of reliance itself is a bad thing. These Asha think that the only path to goodness is by providing everything you need yourself, be it food, clothes, entertainment, emotional support, everything.

Melancholic, Joy; Melancholic Asha see sadness and despair as the ultimate evils, so Joy must be the ultimate good. Things like tragedy, betrayal, danger, death, especially death, are best hidden so as not to affect the joyous nature of society at large. As these Asha see more and more despair and sadness they become increasingly determined to remove anything and everything that threatens the joy of their chosen group.

It's important to note that an Asha's worldview is completely 1-dimensional. They do not necessarily see the world as black-and-white, they do understand the phrase "kind of", but only as it relates to their chosen concept. Unfortunately, the longer an Asha is active, the more desperate it grows to enforce that concept, and the more drastic action it is willing to take.

While most Asha have their own methods of madness, they tend to fall into a few categories.

The Redeemer: Arguably the most singularly terrifying of the bunch, the Redeemer seeks to cure their chosen targets of what they see as some infection, some illness that that person refuses to have treated. Either thrusting themselves into that person's life overtly, or stalking their target from the shadows, they seek to convince them of their own impurity and provide a cure, even if they must kidnap them for some “extensive treatment”.

Example: That creepy guy at work who's your new “Best Friend”, The cute bartender that always seems to work the nights that you come in, Some random guy you keep running into, ect....

The Reckoner: While easily the most violent, the Reckoner is in many ways the easiest to deal with. While both the Purifier and the Redeemer are both fully capable of horrific bouts of violence, they often at least bother to clean up after themselves. Reckoners, not so much. They rarely bother with stealth, believing that their scenes of carnage are warnings against whatever they consider sinful, which allows a clever Janus to employ mortal forces against them. That being said, the longer a Reckoner has operated, the more experience they have avoiding mortal law, and the harder they are to catch.

Examples: Vigilante Cop, Serial-killer Killer, Frank Castle (The Punisher), etc...

The Purifier: The most social of the Asha, they usually surround themselves with followers, fanatics, any who'll do their bidding, often influencing and controlling their lives through subtle means, both mystical and mundane. Where other Asha tend to target individuals or small groups, Purifiers are more concerned with concepts and institutions, believing that the removal of such things will allow society itself to be cleansed. When they decide that an individual is at fault, they will often use their followers to harass them. The worst part of a Purifier is they are often insulated in society, granting them protection from mortal forces and the respect of the human community.

Examples: Cult leader, The local church pastor, The secretary to the head of the local animal rights group, The PTA Chairperson etc...

The biggest Asha-to-Asha conflict comes from differences in their methods. Redeemers think Reckoners destroy without fixing and Purifiers are too unfocused to actually affect anything. Purifiers see Redeemers as trying to fix one thing at a time, an all too slow method of operation, while Reckoners' destructive messages only instill fear instead of change. And Reckoners simply believe the other two are far too soft and caring for their own good.

Despite this, Asha of different methods and temperaments sometimes band together in reluctant teamwork to face a common “evil”, which is usually a Clique of Janusi. As the Asha's ranks grow, their philosophy becomes increasingly constricting, binding its followers to a spartan, and usually deadly, lifestyle. Asha in these groups commonly mesh their philosophies together for a united worldview as any groups that don't, quickly fall to infighting.

Alebrije

I hear more coming, so I duck behind a bright purple boulder. It's a freaking parade of them, all garish colors and crazy shapes. Some have 3 limbs, some have 5, some have twice or half that many. And that annoying chant. "Alebrije, alebrije." I get it, you're a walking talking fever dream, no need to repeat yourself. My Shadow asks "What are you hiding from?" and before I can shut him up, there's the cry "ALEBRIJE". They're charging now. I hate the Dreamscape.

First discovered in Mexico, Alebrije (all-eh-BREE-heh) are constructs of the mind that aren't bound to any one Isle. Born from sick or feverish minds, Alebrije are created when a human's mind can no longer correctly process the information given to it. Instead, that information is twisted into a ball of emotion and half-thought that's ejected from its birthplace to pollute the surrounding Inner-Outer Sea.

Alebrije are not evil, nor are they good. Unlike a healthy mind's dream constructs, Alebrije can learn and grow, and some are even truly sentient, but most are like animals. They populate the Dreamscape, feeding on insanity and mental sickness; in this way, they are necessary. Alebrije act like the Dreamscape's immune system, they're born from sickness and keep madness from spreading to other Isles. Some of the more intelligent of these fever dreams are even willing to trade, though what a talking madness eater wants or can offer is anyone's guess.

Alebrije may act as an early warning system. If a Clique keeps a careful eye on the number and size of the dream eaters in their area, they might be prepared should a local Janus be Consumed, or an Asha rise nearby. Unfortunately, the Sheared and their Shadows are beacons of mental energy, so a hungry Alebrije might very well see a group of Dreamsailing Janusi as food. And these creatures rarely travel alone.

Consumed

She's a hulking figure that wanders aimlessly. She's wrecked 12 cars tonight alone, and she doesn't plan on stopping. She has no direction, just pointless violence. She sees the SWAT gather around her, armed with machine guns and high-power rifles. "Good," she says. "I was getting sick of this anyway." The next morning, she'll be dead from 108 gunshot wounds. She doesn't care. It's all become meaningless.

People who have lost themselves to their Shadow by hitting Identity 0. It's a truly sad existence. Shadows need balance in order to operate. As much as one might want full control, it knows it should never have it. Once they have control, life loses meaning, and they feel empty. This is because Shadows are a balance. Without them, the Janus is too weak to function. But without the Janus? They're too unhinged and uncontrollable to survive. A consumed is constantly Hyded, and only regains Ego through fulfilling their Vice. They have all of their Tinctures active simultaneously, and that's it. They bleed Ego like crazy, and so need to fulfill their Vices constantly. However, there is a glimmer of hope: A Janus can recover to Identity 1. The method varies, but it usually involves fulfilling their Virtue and spending the Willpower to regain balance, in addition to the usual cost in Experiences.

Malchiks

"Why, what do we got 'ere? Is this th' rich bastard? Slit his throat, 'e's driving me Bazoomny."

Some Agencies teach restraint. Others teach self fulfillment. One, however, thrives on pure, unadulterated chaos. These monsters call themselves Malchiks.

Malchiks are best described as the most horrid combination of 19th century gangs and modern punk culture. Indeed, many of them get their inspiration from groups like the 40 Elephants gang and The Mohocks of London. They view the Shadow as the REAL personality, and follow it's every thought and desire to oblivion.

They even developed their own form of Tincture, called **Oppugnare**, which functions much more like PCP than a typical Tincture, bringing effects like slowing down the perception of time for faster reaction time, deadening nerves while literally thickening skin, increasing how much punishment they can dish out, and generally making a Persona that can do what it wants, when it wants. Specifically, Oppugnare was designed to bring down Sheared after the Malchiks got tired of Janusian interference. That's when they found out it hurts other supernaturals just as much.

Stereotypes:

Brethren of The Road: *They remind me of black dogs. A pack of bitches, waiting to be put down.*

Brimstone Society: *Rich bastards. They try to delude the truth, all behind some veneer of civilization. Makes me sick.*

Chained Order: *Sure, it must be gods! They sure care about us down here, don't they? Zealots.*

Le Carnival: *Why fast? Why throw parties with bullshit rules like "only two to a fight" and "safe, sane, consensual"? I know why: they're pussies.*

Long Pig Compact: *The most annoying of them all. All self-righteous, grasping for straws and protecting worthless rubes.*

Moorsen Institute: *They waste their time on "Dreams" and that useless shit-hole called the Astral Sea. Don't bother with them, unless you want to wreck their labs.*

Temple Of St. Giles: *Sure, they track you down, but see it this way: they save you the trouble of finding them when you want to kill them.*

Vampires: *They stay standing so long, and burn so nicely!*

Werewolves: *Never let them outnumber you. Or take you one-to-one. What I'm saying is gang-up on them when you can.*

Mages: *Get them first, get them alone, and get them unprepared. Otherwise, they'll destroy you.*

Changelings: *Weak, often carry cool toys. Some even look especially pretty, if murder ain't your fancy.*

Prometheans: *They never. Stay. DOWN!*

Mummies: *You know what? Killing the same git over and over is actually pretty fun! Especially when they sic their little cult on you.*

Sin-Eaters: *Ghost-People? Well then, let's take the "un" out of "Undead".*

Demons: *Aren't worth bothering with.*

Beasts: *Ah, to kill one feels triumphant!*

Heroes: *It's fun to brutalize someone who feels they are unbeatable.*

Princesses: *Useless, but pretty. Fun to toy with, boring to fight.*

Geniuses: *Great creations? Wonders? Ha! Nothing we build matters. I want you to watch it crumble, because you deserve the truth before death.*

Leviathan: *Heh, always wanted to kill a god.*

Hunters: *You slay monsters? Me too. Thing is, I also like crushing poor gits' heads in. Poor gits like yourself.*

Mortals: **knocks on door* Could you let me in? There's been a terrible accident...*

The City of Two Faces: St. Louis

A city of inequity, one of disbalanced dichotomy. St. Louis is not only torn between two states, but also torn top to bottom. A large portion of the city is suffering from poverty, but it also houses some of the richest and most powerful companies in the world. It's a city built on harsh duality and discovery; born on the Mississippi River, St. Louis was the jumping point for the famous journey of Lewis and Clark. This expedition brought not only new land and resources, expanding the United States towards becoming an empire in its own right, but also brought the slaughter and subjugation of natives across North America.

As such, St. Louis is a city of highs and lows. It's a city that has attracted Janusi for centuries, and remains the highest concentrated point of them in the Americas. Nobody knows why so many Janusi discover themselves here: Maybe it's the history, maybe it's some wound in the Astral Sea, or maybe it's all just a strange coincidence. No matter the cause, the Janusi practically rule the city's supernatural underworld, leading to the occasional graffiti declaring "Suck It, Vampires!" after a group of Janusi beat the Prince to death, an act that crippled the undead's hold on the city. To an outsider the graffiti is assumed to be some sort of pun, or dumb joke. Mostly because it is.

Contact Us

The rpg.net thread that started it all. Surprisingly still in use, and you don't need an account to read it.
<https://forum.rpg.net/showthread.php?585862-necro-nWoD-Janus-the-Persona>

We have a Skype group now. Come talk to us: <https://join.skype.com/DW67x2i8vfdG>

For access to more public Janus resources, go to [this](#) Google Drive folder.